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TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY

OF

CHARLES F. HOVEY, ESQ.

[FROM 'THE LIBERATOR,' MAY 6, 1859.]

The friends of Freedom, Humanity and Progress, in this city and vicinity, were startled and saddened, last week, by the announcement of the death of this estimable man, who has endeared himself to so many by his many fine qualities, and whose loss will be felt in every direction. The event was quite unexpected; for though he had been confined to his house for the last six months by a severe attack of what was supposed to be chronic rheumatism, still there were no serious apprehensions entertained as to his case; and only a few days before his departure, he seemed to be more comfortable, and it was hoped that the coming warm season would facilitate his convalescence.

Charles F. Hovey was of the sixth generation from Daniel Hovey, one of the earliest settlers of Ipswich, Mass. Daniel Jr. and his son Nathaniel (three generations) lived and died in Ipswich. Nathaniel Jr. settled in Hampton, Conn., as did also his son Jonathan, whose son Darius was the father of our deceased friend, who was born in South Brookfield, in February, 1807. During his minority, he attended the town school, and went two quarters to the academy at Amherst. He attended in a country store in Barre,

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Ware and Enfield; came to Boston in 1829, and went into the store of Howe, Dorr & Co., as book-keeper.

From 1830 to the present time, near thirty years, he has been a very active, enterprising, and successful merchant, in the several importing houses of George Howe & Co., Hovey and Mixture, J. C. Howe & Co., Hovey, Williams & Co., and C. F. Hovey & Co. in Boston.

He went many times to Europe on business, and resided several years in Paris and Rome. His summer residence was for many years in Gloucester, and for the last five years in Framingham. He died at his mansion-house in Kingston street, Boston, on the evening of the 28th of April, 1859, aged 52 years and two months, leaving a wife and four sons.

By his Will, we understand, he made large bequests to his family, and to several of his friends, and gave the rest of his estate for the promotion of the various reforms to which his life had been devoted, and especially to the Anti-Slavery cause; placing on record a very strong testimony in favor of universal and impartial liberty.

We cannot sum up the virtues of the deceased in a more comprehensive and graphic manner, than by quoting WHITTIER's lines to the memory of another:

Friend of the Slave, and yet the friend of all;
Lover of peace, yet ever foremost when
The need of battling Freedom called for men
To plant the banner on the outer wall;
Gentle and kindly, ever at distress
Melted to more than woman's tenderness,
Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's post
Fronting the violence of a maddened host,
Like some grey rock from which the waves are tossed!

Daniel Neall of Philad^{a}

Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned not
The faith of one whose walk and word were right—
Who tranquilly in Life's great task-field wrought,
And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught
A stain upon its pilgrim garb of white:
Prompt to redress another's wrong, his own
Leaving to Time and Truth and Penitence alone.

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man!—
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church with hypocritic face
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were still:
And while 'Lord, Lord!' the pious tyrants cried,
Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply DOING GOOD.
So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
That by his loss alone we know its worth,
And feel how true a man has walked with us on earth!

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a special meeting of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, on Tuesday, May 3d, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That in the death of our honored and lamented friend, and earnest and open-handed coadjutor, CHARLES F. HOVEY, Esq., of this city, this Board (of which he was so faithful a member) has a vacancy left which it will be difficult, if not impossible to fill; the Anti-Slavery cause has lost one of its most clear-sighted, radical, intrepid and generous supporters; every struggling and hated reformatory movement has met with a special bereavement; and

the community at large has been deprived of one who was a public and private benefactor, in the noblest and most extended sense.

Resolved, That our departed brother was not only a model merchant, and a bright example to all business men, by his incorruptible integrity, his all-controlling sense of justice, and his kindness and generous consideration toward all in his employ; not only a loving husband, a devoted father, and a faithful friend; but he was remarkable for his freedom-loving, truth-seeking, independent mind—his vital sympathy with the wronged and suffering, of every class, of every complexion, and of every clime—his thorough abhorrence of all cant, double-dealing, imposture, and time-serving, whether in Church or State—his nice appreciation of the right, in every conflict with wrong, and manly courage in abiding by his conscientious convictions, at whatever cost.

Resolved, That in his case the scriptural declaration is eminently applicable—'THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED'—and of none could it be affirmed with more truthfulness, 'HIS COUNTRY WAS THE WORLD; HIS COUNTRYMEN WERE ALL MANKIND.'

Resolved, That we offer our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family—feeling that we express the united prayer of the thousands he has cheered and helped, of the many homes where his name was cherished and blessed, when we ask that all comfort and consolation may be theirs.

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, *Rec. Sec.*

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

On Monday morning last, May 2d, a large company assembled at the late residence of CHARLES F. HOVEY, Esq., in Kingston street, in this city, to pay the last sad tribute of respect and affection to the memory of the deceased. The funeral services were conducted by WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, and Rev. THOMAS STARR KING, in the order given below. Previous to the addresses, and at their close, a highly appropriate hymn was touchingly sung by a quartette.

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REMARKS OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

In accordance with the wish of my dear departed friend, I am here to participate in his funeral obsequies.

We are greeted with the loveliest morning of the present year. A cloudless sky, a brilliant sun, a genial atmosphere, every one feeling its vivifying influence, it almost seems as if there were no such thing as death or decay in this glorious universe. Yet the evidence of our mortality is before us; and the ancient declaration still remains true, 'We all do fade as a leaf.' Mingling my sympathies with yours, I tenderly offer them to the bereaved wife, and fatherless children, and the relatives of the deceased; for the bereavement is a great one, and the sorrow caused thereby wide-spread and heartfelt. The touching lines of the poet Gray, at the loss of his nearest and dearest friend, may fitly express the feelings of her

whose loss, as a wife and mother, is specially severe :—

'In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descants join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles, the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear,
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn for him who cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain!'

Yet, blessed be God, there is a solace for every grief, a balm for every wound, and hope in every bereavement.

It is not for me, on this occasion, to attempt to pay that full tribute to the memory of our beloved and cherished friend, which he so justly deserves. Yet I may be permitted to say that Boston, of its many honored and lamented citizens, has never yet lost one to whom the language of the poet was more applicable—

'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'

His integrity stood like the Alps; his benevolence was extended, diffusive, overflowing like the Nile; his philanthropy broad as the whole earth. His personal independence and moral courage were equal to any emergency: he asked not what was popular, but only what was RIGHT. Simple and unpretending in his manners, unselfish in his aims, and transparent as a perfect mirror, he sought no distinction, and desired

no conspicuity. In his feelings, principles and conduct, he was thoroughly democratic, in the highest and noblest sense of that term. He was a hearty despiser of all shams; he abhorred the proscriptive spirit of caste, in every form; he saw through the frivolous distinctions and hollow conventionalities of society,—was of the people, with the people, and for the people, as against usurpation, oppression, and monopoly,—and with the poet Burns saw and affirmed—

> 'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gold, for a' that.'

Freedom was the element in which his spirit delighted to dwell—that freedom which saves, elevates and blesses all its recipients. With him free inquiry, free speech, a free platform, free trade, were no rhetorical flourishes, no party catch-words, but vital principles, to be cherished, asserted, propagated, at all times, at whatever cost; and for their diffusion and vindication he was ever ready to take any risk, and to make any sacrifice.

In all the relations of life, he was most exemplary,—the model merchant, a devoted husband, a most affectionate father, a sterling friend. His religion was that of the Good Samaritan, and therefore unrecognized as religion by Priest and Levite. All forms of misery, destitution and helplessness appealed to him for aid, and readily obtained it; for his benevolence was inexhaustible. If all who have been helped by his counsel, and blessed by his charity, were present on this occasion, the throng would be multitudinous. His removal will be felt as a general bereavement, and the tears of thousands in

other parts of the country who knew his worth by report, but were not personally acquainted with him, will freely mingle with the tears of his household and bosom friends. More even than this—the generous, intrepid, uncompromising friend and defender of the millions of manacled and dehumanized slaves in our guilty land, as he was, they will constitute a vast procession to follow his remains to the grave, bewailing their loss.

In conclusion, I beg leave to read such selections from the Scriptures as seem to me specially pertinent to the occasion, and to the character of the deceased:

'When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me: my judgment was a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause I knew not I searched out. And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth. * * * If I have walked with vanity, or if my foot hath hasted to deceit; let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity. *If I have made gold my hope, or have said to the fine gold, Thou art my confidence; if I rejoiced because my wealth was great, and because mine hand had gotten much;* I should have denied the God that is above. *Did I fear a great multitude, or did the contempt of families terrify me,* that I kept silence, and went not out of the door? As God liveth, all the while my breath is in me, and the spirit of God is in my nostrils, till I die, I will not remove mine integrity from me: my heart shall not reproach me as long as I live.'

* * * * * *

'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.'

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'One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever. The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full: unto the place whence the rivers come, thither they return again. The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun. . . . To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die. God hath made every thing beautiful in his time. . . . A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth. It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting: for the living will lay it to his heart. . . . Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest. . . Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.'

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'Since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but

bare grain ; it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain : butGod giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh ; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial : but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars ; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption : it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory : it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power : it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. For this corruption must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruption shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? '

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REMARKS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

We come to look, for the last time, on the face of our very dear friend. Had his death left only this house desolate, this family circle sad — they would have carried him to his last home, speaking only to each other. But he has made many men love him. Our hearts ache for his loss. How many a loving message those kinds lips have uttered ! How many a burden that untiring hand has lifted ! There are roofs that feel almost as desolate as this, in hearing of his death. It seems fitting, then, that we too should speak of him to each other—speak of the tried, valued,

loved friend we have lost, of his sterling worth; and give that marked life a voice.

He wished that no prayer should be solicited at his funeral, no mere ceremony should be performed over his body. He had no faith in the divine inspiration of any book—no faith in any church, nor in any priesthood. He believed only in a good and just Cause of the Universe, to whose infinite loving-kindness he trusted without a doubt. Let us dare to bury him as he dared to live. Fearless, active, earnest, transparent, devoted, unselfish, full of simplicity,—truly any mere form, however seemingly sacred, would mar the beautiful consistency of that brave, real life. Though believing in no church, the most marked feature of his soul was a serene faith. He believed in justice. No need to assure him of good consequences. He thoroughly believed that the right was always safe. He had no trust in any compromise of the exact right The smallest right of the humblest man was sacred to him: only by respecting that could any good be won. But this justice was no cold, hard element in him. What other men named generosity, he esteemed only justice. When, entitled by common rule to claim one-half, he put it aside, and accepted one-fifth from his partners, he thought it only justice. For his rule of duty was born of broad consideration of all that strength owes to weakness, knowledge to ignorance, and wealth to its poorer brother; born indeed of loving, human brotherhood.

He was a fearless thinker. The masterly reason God had given him, he never for an hour hid in a napkin; the possession of it bound him to its use.

He proved everything, and held fast what he thought good. And he trusted his convictions as his highest rule. Most emphatically he thought for himself. Bred in trade, it did not, as too often, smother or dull his interest in the profound questions of our nature, of society, of religion. Of course, his interest never warped his judgment.

To be independent of the world, it has been well said, is little. To differ, when reason bids, from *our own immediate world*, is the test of independence. To this dear friend, the disapproval of those who generally labored with him was no more a temptation than the frown of the great outer world. As truly as can be said of any man, he really thought for himself. And this did not seem a remarkable virtue in him. It required no effort. Neither gain nor favor seemed to have any charm for him. A high nature lifted him above such temptations. And yet he was not harsh, reserved, or ungenial, but wholly the reverse. He kept his soul young—young in its earnestness, its zeal, its childlike faith, and winning simplicity. Men could bear the most hated opinions from those genial lips. He walked up and down our streets, uttering all heresies in Church and State; yet none could hate him —few could get away from the influence of that open, clear, real life that lay behind his speech. He not only believed that every man was his brother, but he made every man feel brotherly to him, and close as a friend. The poor nestled to him. He not only believed the universe was sunny, he brought sunshine with him when he came. But this sweet nature blossomed into *thoughtful* kindness. It was not what he

gave away that marked him. Others give liberally—our merchants have open hands. His peculiarity was the tender thoughtfulness that he never lacked. The sick girl who found, during her five and six weeks of illness, that duly, each Saturday evening, her usual wages were sent her, felt not the amount given, but that thoughtfulness that took care to *be*, just *where it was needed*, and saw to it personally that no one was forgotten.

War, Slavery, Intemperance, he hated. To raise woman's place, he devoted wealth and heart. He left to others the welcomed and easy munificence that holds up enterprises which all love. His hand was stretched out to spread the ideas which bear seed for the future, whose value few see, whose influence many dread. No man said 'no' easier to any enterprise which sailed buoyant before a fresh breeze. 'The chain with hypocrites at one end, and slaveholders at the other, which men call the Union,' was his favorite description of that government whose yoke he sought to lift from the slave's neck. And all his unpopular opinions he uttered just as frankly while he struggled for place and fortune, as after they were both sure, and his position all he could wish. Tender as a woman, he could not bear the sight of suffering or oppression. Firm as granite, he feared no face of man in uttering a hated doctrine, or defending an unpopular cause. Ever hotly in earnest, restlessly impatient of wrong, his zeal stirred others to effort, while his undoubting faith banished despair. Who can ever forget that emphatic, heart-cheering, 'Why, *of course*,' sure to spring to his lips when, in dark mo-

ments, any one spoke of the certain triumph of right, notwithstanding ?

Men said he held dangerous opinions. But what father called to lie where he does would not thank God, could he leave to his children as brave and useful a life to copy—as dear a name for his neighbors to bless ?

If using all the powers God has given one to find out the right, and then fearlessly practising it, makes a righteous man, then truly he was a righteous man. If 'he that doeth good is of God,' then was he of God. If 'he that loveth his brother abideth in the light,' then the same sunshine that shone round him here, cheers him now ; for truly he loved his brother, loved truth and right ; and now he sees the face of that God who is Justice and Truth. No fear for him : his heart melted down all differences of class, race, education, condition, and held all men close to himself. That tireless brain, that unresting hand work now, where all see even as they are seen, and where everything but virtue vanishes.

Let us thank God for his life. The world is better for his having lived. These loved ones mourn the father whose voice was a benediction ; but how many, beside these are now crowding round him, who felt that kind hand lifting them, that cheerful voice welcoming them on, that untiring care watching for them with all a father's interest and vigilance !

No matter that he did not call himself a Christian Many take that sacred name, whose right our judgment denies. The loving and beloved apostle could say, 'He that saith, I know God, and keepeth not

his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.' But, on the other hand, 'hereby know we that we know God, if we keep his commandments.' Let us thank God, then, that he strengthened our friend to live a fearless, earnest, unselfish, Christian life. Brother, father, husband, of these we may not speak; but we have lost the friend so close, so unselfish, the companion of so many happy, hopeful hours, the stay on which we leaned so lovingly, the strong hand, the generous heart, one who seemed to make our life larger, firmer, sunnier: our little circle has a wide, sad void.

But God doeth all things well. This life of simple, loving, transparent, brotherly well-doing is neither lost nor ended. Thank God for the fifty years that we have been privileged to see it! We bless the mother that bore him—a brave, true man. May we be better for having known him! God help us to borrow of his example! God bless him!

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REMARKS OF REV. T. STARR KING.

I would not willingly weaken the impression which has been made by the remarks, so true and so tender, of those who have the highest right to speak here of our departed brother's character, since they stood so near to him, and have known him so thoroughly and so long. Yet I desire—before his body is borne from our sight forever—to speak from sympathy with those who stood in the most intimate relations to him, and whose bereavement in his removal no words of ours can measure—of the love which I bore him, though I stood at a greater distance than the friends who

have addressed us, and especially of what I saw of the religiousness of his life and character.

There are two prominent manifestations of religiousness. There is the piety that flows from the conception of God as a person, and that delights in communion with God as a person. Devout affection towards the Infinite is the visible peculiarity of this type of religiousness. The man who possesses it desires to go to God often with the direct prayer of the heart or the lips; to have the consciousness of His particular providence; to feel the sunshine of His smile, as a personal manifestation of approval and reward for every good deed. This piety our brother certainly did not possess in large measure. We know that he did not estimate it highly. Perhaps he did not prize it highly enough.

But there is a stronger, deeper, more thorough, more efficient piety than this often proves to be. The friend who has gone before us had that religiousness which consists in harmony of the whole nature with the foundation truths of the world, and an entire reverence towards the Eternal Will. Who of us here that knew him, are not ready to bow on the knees of the spirit before that cold form, and desire that an integrity firm as his, that a charity wide as his, that a disposition genial and sweet as his, might be poured into and sustained in our hearts, by the Infinite Spirit that filled him thus for many years with strength?

For it was not by morality, as distinct from religion—according to the frequent criticism of the pulpit upon character—that our brother was distinguished. He went deeper than custom. He desired and

determined to find and abide in the primal truth of the moral world, and he brushed everything away till he found the everlasting rock. His house was firmly built on that. Rains descended, and floods came, and torrents dashed against it, but it held fast to the rock. The glass in these windows is no more ready to receive the light, than his spirit was open to receive every manifestation of the Infinite Will that might come to his reason; and he would no more have thought of failing in obedience, by word, and purse, and influence, to whatever was shown to his mind thus as the truth of God, than the glass would think of thickening itself against the light it was intended to reveal.

His life has been, in many ways, a transparent exhibition of the moral forces that glorify manhood, and make our nature a clear revelation of God. Let us thank Heaven that, through our friend, we have seen more of the sacredness of that Justice which is the foundation of the Eternal Throne. Let us be grateful that, in his constant and wise bounty to the poor and needy, we have learned to interpret better the Divine beneficence. Let us be grateful for the example he has given us of the loyalty to the highest laws which a citizen should show in times like ours. Let us be grateful for the sermon in behalf of substantial goodness that has been preached widely and forcibly by his life, and for the praise that goes up to God for his good deeds, to-day, mingled with the mourning of those who are so deeply afflicted by his death.

We often hear it said, as though it is a peculiarly

religious reflection, when we are called to stand before the still form of one whom God has suddenly taken from this life—'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!' I think that we should all feel, in the presence of the form which lies before us with a nobler beauty than it wore in life, that such a saying would not be appropriate here, and is not true. He has been taken from us, so far as his ministry in this world is concerned, in his maturity, at high noon. We cannot but mourn over it. But his life has not been a shadow, and he did not pursue shadows. He lived for realities. He received into his spirit largely of the eternal substance, and his soul has gone as a substance into the enduring world.

'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!' We cannot explain the mystery of his removal from us, when he was so useful, and when he seemed to be so widely needed, here. And yet, those of us who trust the great Providence, as he trusted, cannot but feel sure that God has taken him because his spirit had grown competent for a service which could not be discharged on earth. Let us not doubt that he has gone to broader duties. Let us not believe that he has gone to rest, except to the rest of a still wider charity, an uninterrupted fidelity, an unclouded worship, a larger and continual reception from the Fountain of Truth and Love. And so let us give him up to the Infinite One, with a courage and confidence equal, at least, to his own; and let us hear the words of him whom he followed—'Not every one that saith unto me,

Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my father.'

We must believe that our brother has gone to heaven, because there is no where else for him to go. He was there while here. He lived for God, and he must go to God. Our destiny is not determined by external and arbitrary appointment. Those doors that are hung on Equity and the spiritual laws, we cannot doubt, swung back, at once, to give him entrance and welcome. And with gratitude for his life here, we must yield him to higher services with undoubting trust.

'I looked upon the righteous man,
And saw his parting breath,
Without a struggle or a sigh,
Serenely yield to death;
There was no anguish on his brow,
Nor terror in his eye:
The spoiler aimed a fatal dart,
But lost the victory.

I looked upon the righteous man,
And heard the voiceless prayer
Which rose above that breathless form,
To soothe the mourners' care,
And felt how precious was the gift
He to his loved ones gave,—
The stainless memory of the just,
The wealth beyond the grave.

I looked upon the righteous man;
And all our earthly trust
Of pleasure, vanity, or pride,
Seemed lighter than the dust,
Compared with his celestial gain,—
A home above the sky:
O, grant us, God, his life to live,
That we like him may die!'

☞ The funeral services being closed, a last, lingering, farewell look at the serene and finely chiseled features was taken by all present, when the mortal remains of the deceased were carried to Mount Auburn for interment, accompanied by relatives and friends in a long line of carriages. At the grave, Mr. King made some additional remarks, which were highly appropriate and impressive.

'Peace be with thee, O our brother,
In the Spirit-Land!
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand.'

'Tis something to a heart like mine
To think of thee as living yet;
To feel that such a light as thine
Could not in utter darkness set.

Less dreary seems the untried way,
Since thou hast left thy footprints there,
And beams of mournful beauty play
Round the sad Angel' sable hair.'

'With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb!

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought:
His funeral anthem is a glad evangel—
The good die not.

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He hath given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in his heaven.' WHITTIER.

From the National Anti-Slavery Standard of May 7.

CHARLES F. HOVEY.

The last week has been saddened to many Anti-Slavery hearts by the death of one of the truest friends of the Anti-Slavery cause. Charles F. Hovey died in Boston, on Thursday, April 28th, after a painful illness of many months, aged fifty-two years, and was buried at Mount Auburn, on Monday, the 2d of May. He has been identified with the American Anti-Slavery Society, as an active friend and officer for so many years, that no coadjutor of the movement can be ignorant of the services he has rendered it, the liberality with which he has enlarged its means, and the wise sagacity with which he strengthened its counsels. But only they that knew him best, and saw the thoroughness of his fidelity to his convictions of truth in every direction, and the perfection of the beauty of his daily life, can know how great a loss the world has met with in the withdrawal of such an example from its walks and ways.

Mr. Hovey was a successful merchant, and had acquired a competent estate by his skillful enterprise in business. And he showed how the traffic of the world can be carried on successfully without injustice, without meanness, and even without selfishness. His business relations were marked not only by the highest tone of mercantile honor, but by a spirit of magnanimous and generous consideration of all connected with his affairs that is rarely seen in trade. But he did not call or consider his conduct in any of its manifestations as either magnanimous or generous, but simply just. He was eminently a just man. He recognized himself, and he sought to procure to be recognized by all, the

rights of others in their fullest extent. He helped the slave on the plantation and the worthy poor at his door, because he acknowledged their right to what he could do for their relief.

But though his hand was open as day to melting charity, his beneficence was considerate and wise. No man could say "No" more readily and emphatically than he, even to requests urged by his best friends, when the objects suggested did not commend themselves to his judgment. He had an instinctive perception of shams and make-believes, which seldom permitted his well-known liberality to be imposed upon by the unworthy. His opinions on all subjects he formed for himself, and was not to be shaken in them when definitely made up, by the differing sense of his dearest and best friends. And this with such a native sweetness of temper and kindliness of manner, that difference of opinion conciliated instead of alienating affection and esteem. No more thoroughly independent man lived on the earth than Charles Hovey, no man who feared less the face of man, or was truer to the pointing of conscience, reason, and sympathy. And no man, perhaps, was ever more deeply loved and more sincerely mourned than he, by those who knew him best, however widely they might differ from him in matters of faith and practice.

When Mr. Hovey was struggling with the world for the beginnings of his fortunes, the world in which he lived was Whig, Protective, and Bank-believing. He professed himself a Democrat, a Free-trader, and a Hard-money man, in times when such opinions were regarded with an intolerance scarcely credible now, in the business circles where his daily walks lay. His politico-economical opinions he retained to the last, and he died in the faith of the good time coming when there would be neither

Custom-houses nor Paper-money. And his intrinsic Democracy he lived and died in, too, though he soon saw through and spurned from him the impudent faction which tramples on the rights of the black man in its pretended zeal for the assertion of those of the whites. He indeed believed in that Democracy which regards 'Man divested of his Accidents,' to the last. A Man was a Man to him, whether white or black, rich or poor, learned or illiterate, and he maintained the rights of the Slave, the poor and the ignorant, because they were men, and had none or few to help them.

Shaking off the dust of his feet as against the Democrats, he soon betook himself to the Abolitionists. He discerned in them men who were sincerely pursuing a great public end, without taking counsel of flesh and blood, but following out their idea of duty whithersoever it might lead them. He at once united with the sect everywhere spoken against, and never ceased walking with it as long as he lived. He was constant in his attendance on the meeting of the Executive Committees of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies, and was ever on the side of the most resolute action and the most outspoken utterance. His faith in the absolute policy of absolute truth was perfect. He knew no Expediency but the Right. In matters of simple opinion as to means, though he was firm in his own way of thinking, he gracefully and readily yielded to the prevailing action. In matters which seemed to him to savor of principle, he was never to be shaken or moved a hair's breadth from the stand he had taken as the right position. He was ever in the midst of controversy on all sorts of subjects, but with no drop of acrimony in his temper, or of gall in his blood.

He formed his own opinions as to theological mat-

ters as deliberately, and maintained them as fearlessly, as he did as to all other things of human concernment. His views as to religious doctrines and institutions were distinct and unmistakable, and he never sought to conceal or palliate them in life or in death. With them, however, we have no concern. If to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly, were to walk with God, his conversation was in Heaven. If to do unto others as he would that they should do unto him, and to be kind unto the unthankful and the evil, were to be Christ-like, happy indeed is the disciple who can claim a closer resemblance to the Master than he! And they that knew him best and loved him most, as they laid his head in the grave, enjoyed an assured faith that a spirit so loving and so pure, so brave and so gentle, so wise and so true, must find elsewhere the Heaven it had made on earth.

'THERE IS NO DEATH!'

'Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the dust arise,
But, oftentimes, celestial benedictions
Assume this harsh disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.'

LONGFELLOW.

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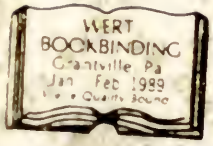
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